

# THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXI, No. 2.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1940

FOUR PAGES

## Overtown Parade To Mark Varsity Grid Opener

### Once Upon a Time . . .

By Mary Barbara Mason

This is a column dedicated to the news of yesterday, to the writers and readers of former Gateways.

Six long years ago when a man was a man and the Varsity was much younger, some of us might remember President of the Students' Union Hugh Arnold's welcoming as he "invited you to join with us in the quest for 'whatsoever things are true'." Today the search for truth goes steadily on. No one that enters these "Halls of Learning" can fail to be inspired by our University motto.

Did you know that The Gateway office, now practically the only place where a man is not a co-ed's devoted follower but a man, was once ruled by a woman? Margaret Moore, the one and only feminine Editor-in-Chief, who set a record for punctuality of publication that became a Gateway standard. Another argument in the debate of man vs. woman, eh, what?

Had you heard that the famous Lovat Dickson, publisher and author, once tramped these noble halls worrying about English essays and suffering temporary collapse at the thought of final exams? Today many a fine book is inscribed Lovat Dickson Limited, Publishers, London, England. Famous indeed is Mr. Dickson's edition and arrangement of "The Green Leaf," a tribute to Grey Owl.

We noted among The Gateway's ancient annals a tiny notice announcing that "tickets for the Cercle Français (French Club to you) can be purchased from the student's executive." Topmost in the list was the name of Ed Greene, now assistant professor of French at his own University. Congratulations!

An old University custom was the tea given in honor of the Freshman class by the Alumni Club of Edmonton. This was in the days when the Freshmen numbered 150, not nearly 500. Time marches on!

In 1934 when the Disarmament Conference adjourned with a complete deadlock in fundamentals; when the aged and revered figurehead of Germany, President von Hindenburg died and Hitler became President as well as Chancellor, the supreme Powers in title as well as act; when the League of Nations was still looked to for settlement of the world's troubles.

That was the year—that The Gateway received a new domain in the Arts Building. Its present home around the corner was a gift of the University dedicated to industrious work! In this haven for the blessed The Gateway staff found that they had a new telephone—not the old type where men stood up to the wall and yelled their opinions manfully into the instrument mouthpiece. The new telephone led to the dance-step telephone-answering technique—a characteristic of all The Gateway staff.

Those were the days when Park, Morton, Rule, Scott, Zender and other famous names figured prominently in our rugby files. They blazed athletic names for themselves before crowded stands at the grid.

Once upon a time—the smart co-ed's clothes were almost ankle length and close fitting, nothing of the free modern trend so popular today. Then there were no saddle shoes, no Sloppy Joes, no Bobby socks, no 10-yard skirts, but Caserele was still repeating old jokes for new.

"O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!" Peele.



Dramatic Club, Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., Arts 135.

S.C.M., Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., Athabaska Lounge.

Women's Athletics, Wednesday, 4:15, Room 111 Arts.

Gateway Staff Meeting, Thursday, 4:00 p.m., Arts 148.

Fencing Club, Thursday, 3:00 p.m., St. Joseph's Gymnasium.

Philosophical Society, Wednesday, 8:00 p.m., Med. 158.

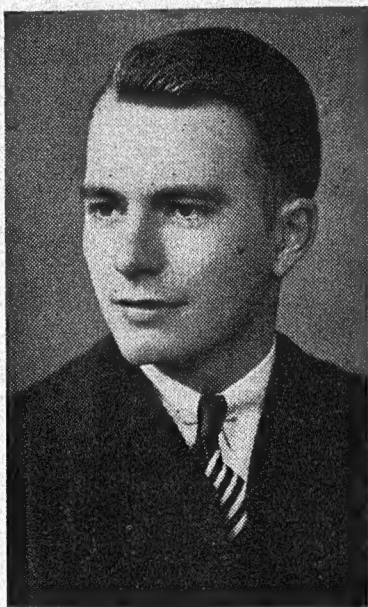
Engineers' Society, Thursday, 7:30 p.m., Med. 142.

Swimming Club, Friday, 4:15, place to be announced.

Radio Club, Thursday, 4:00 p.m., CKUA Studio.

Public Speaking Club, Thursday, 7:30 p.m., St. Joseph's Library.

### NEW EXECUTIVES



Filling the posts on Students' Council vacated by the enlistment of Bill Milroy and Doug Smith in the Active Service Forces, Jack Butterfield (left) and Cec Robson received acclamations to the positions of Secretary of Men's Athletics and Secretary of the Union respectively.

## Coeds May Organize War Groups Similar to East U's

Physical Training, Stretcher Bearing, Truck and Convoy Driving Possible

### MEETING SCHEDULED

To Discuss Action at Wauneita Meet Friday

Following in the steps of the male students of the Canadian Universities, the co-eds of the various colleges throughout the Dominion are planning to make their contribution to Canada's war effort.

At McGill University, Principal F. Cyril James announced that the institution's national war effort includes provision for training of its women students along with the military training of the men. According to the schedule which becomes operative October 21, all women of

## French Society Plans Program

To Meet on October 16

### JOAN WOOD PRESIDENT

The popular Cercle Français will meet for the first time on Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 4:30 p.m., in Athabaska Lounge, Joan Wood, the club's president, has announced. An attractive program has been arranged for the coming season.

Oct. 16: Mr. E. J. H. Greene, "La France en Guerre."

Nov. 6: Joan Wood, "Les Anciens et les folies du monde présent."

Nov. 20: Gwyneth Shaw, "Si j'avais à recommencer mes études universitaires."

Dec. 10: Comédie improvisée par un groupe d'étudiants.

Jan. 8: Mr. M. H. Jacobs, "Aux Pays des Dictateurs."

Jan. 22: Miss M. Low, "Ces braves Ecossais."

Feb. 12: Mr. L. Wedman, "Mein Kampf à la lumière des événements."

Feb. 25: Musique, Chants et Danse.

Mar. 8: Soirée Dramatique.

The French Club is one of the most popular clubs on the campus.

It has been in existence for thirty years, and each year has seen growth in activities and members. During the year 1939-40 the membership increased to 160, and an even greater number is hoped for in the coming year.

Conversation in French, and French songs add to the vocabulary and improve the pronunciation of the students.

The following are the officers—Hon. president, Dr. E. Sonet; president, Joan Wood; secretary, Gwyneth Shaw; treasurer, Audrey Ladler; reception committee, Moira Law, Helen Hardy, Jean Ekleson, Bessie Sidorow, Marcia Dower, Mary Low Smith.

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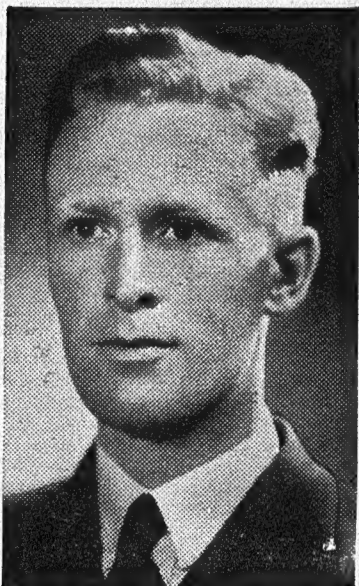
### Gateway Calls! Scribes Wanted!

"Oh, to be a foreign correspondent, a guy that knows all the inside dope. I don't care whether it's about Europe or the Students' Union, just as long as it's exciting."

To such gullible, misguided individuals this article is dedicated. Dear friend, if you feel the urge to report, to become a member of the fourth estate, do not repress your desire. Have no inhibitions. Assert yourself. Some of your comrades have already pierced the blue soupy veil of cigarette smoke that hovers in The Gateway office to receive their first assignments. If you are not among their number, come to the staff organization meeting on Thursday at 4:00 p.m., in Arts 148.

P.S.—Free cokes are being used as bait.

### DEAD



Killed in action while leading a flight over Egypt, Squadron Leader John Dallamore, graduated from the University of Alberta in Mining Engineering. He was the first Varsity student to be killed in action.

## Dallamore First Active Casualty

Varsity Grad Killed in Egypt

First graduate of the University of Alberta to be killed in action is Squadron Leader John Walter Dallamore, who died in service over Egypt. Dallamore took a prominent part in University life several years ago, and was actively connected with the C.O.T.C. He graduated in mining engineering.

Shortly after graduation he joined the R.C.A.F. at Camp Borden, and later transferred to the R.A.F. During the war he has been stationed at Cairo, Egypt.

He is survived by his wife, the former Miss Margaret Reid of Edmonton, and by his parents, Major and Mrs. J. H. Dallamore, also of this city.

## PROFESSOR HARCOURT PASSES AWAY SUNDAY

Professor Harcourt, head of the horticultural department from 1915 to 1936, died Sunday night. He was provincial minister of agriculture from 1905 to 1915. Professor Harcourt graduated from the University of Toronto in 1899. Later he was on the staff of the University of Prince Edward Island.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 p.m., Tuesday, at the Howard and McBride chapel, with Rev. D. C. Ramsay officiating. Internment was made in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

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## Parade Before Game Saturday First Display Varsity Spirit Since Alberta-Husky Match

Each Faculty Responsible for Entry of Floats—Parade Promises to Surpass Last Year's Display

### CHRISTENSON, BUTTERFIELD IN CHARGE

Route to Take Cars Through Centre of Town, Back to Grid

Downtown streets will echo to the cheers and songs of the supporters of the Green and Gold rugby squad in the parade scheduled for Saturday afternoon. Leaving the campus at 1:15 p.m., the route of the march will be the same as last year, proceeding across the High Level Bridge, down Jasper to 100A Street, north to 102nd Avenue, west to 102nd Street, back to Jasper and then to the Grid. Permit for the procession has been obtained from Chief Shute of the Edmonton City Police, and committee officials are certain that this year's demonstration will even surpass the parade staged for the Varsity-Husky game last October.

Each float is being held responsible for at least one float in the procession, and those who remember the entries of such awe-inspiring displays as that of the Commerce students, the Aggies and the Lawyers last year, can be certain of even a better entertainment on Saturday. Anyone with a private car is asked to get in touch with parade officials as soon as possible, if they wish to take part in the procession. Green and gold bunting will be supplied, in an effort to make the cars as decorative as possible.

Arrangements for a band are being made, and other forms of entertainment will also be provided. In charge of arrangements are Jack Butterfield and Bob Christenson.

At the conclusion of the parade, the first game of the Junior Rugby schedule in which Varsity has participated will be played at the Grid. This will get under way sharp at 2:30. Green and Gold Cards are valid.

A Pep Rally in conjunction with the first rugby game of the season, and the parade on Saturday, is scheduled for 7:30 p.m. Friday night in Convocation Hall. Sing-songs, cheers and yells will take up a large part of the evening, and the rugby team will be introduced.

Featured will be a thirteen-piece band, the Plaza Deltans, a group of young musicians who have already proved popular overtown. The entire program will be broadcast over station CKUA. Proceedings will wind up outside the Arts Building, since snake dances are not allowed in the University buildings.

## Corsages and War Effort Centre Hot Discussion Wauneita Meet

Co-eds Eager to Aid in War Work—No Definite Action Taken

By Isabel Dean

To wear or not to wear—corsages?

That was the question uppermost in the minds of approximately 100 Freshettes who attended the first general meeting of the Wauneita Society on Friday, Oct. 5.

Many were the "flowery" ideas strewn along the path of the assembly as the excited co-eds debated the question close to their hearts—"What can we do to help Canada's war effort?"

Dispelling any qualms which may have been entertained in the minds of senior women students concerning the spirit of the Freshettes, the new co-eds proved they were sisters of no silent order as they vehemently pronounced their opinions on the various issues discussed. There was even a lingering suspicion that the real question was at times lost sight of, possibly due to a little over-enthusiasm on the part of some, despite the efforts of the chair.

After the minutes had been read and adopted, President Nellie Coyle introduced Queens Wershof, of The Gateway staff, who related the contents of a letter received from a woman editor at McGill University, setting for the undertakings of McGill women students for war services.

Queens's remarks brought forth an avalanche of comments from her listeners. Many, enthused with the idea of doing their bit, arose as one and declared, "Abolish corsages!" Pandemonium ran riot.

Immediately there were the cautious few who hinted that the males would in all likelihood squander their shekels (intended for aforementioned sacrifice) in some useless manner regardless of any action taken at the meeting.

One champion of the corsage cause offered up a little prayer for the florists whose livelihood might be jeopardized if the time-honored custom was abolished.

A more timid Wauneita ventured, "Perhaps we should consult the boys"—but this was promptly vetoed by a chorus of "Who's doing this?"

Some thought offenders who donned the floral offering should be summarily fined upon their entrance to the Wauneita dance. Another pearl of wisdom dropped by the anti-corsages was the suggestion that a "sacrificial box" be erected in a prominent place at the dance where the escorts could drop in the coins diverted from corsage to corvette purposes.

## S.C.M. to Hold Week-end Camp

The S.C.M. has planned a week-end camp for the long Thanksgiving week-end, Oct. 12, 13 and 14. Leaving the Arts building by chartered bus at 2 p.m., on Saturday, Oct. 12, the group will return to Edmonton at 10 p.m. on Monday. Theme to be considered during the week-end discussions will be, "What Makes College Life?" Also on the program will be singing, folk dancing, games, boating. Leaders present will be George Tuttle, Gerry Hutchinson, Prof. Andrew Stewart, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Johns, Mrs. H. E. Smith. Every student on the campus is invited to come and join in discussions, worship and fun at Fallis. Cost of the entire week-end, including transportation, is \$2.50; registration is 25c. You may register at the S.C.M. office, Arts 152.

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## Butterfield And Robson Elected By Acclamation

Council Posts Filled Without Vote

### TWO NOMINATIONS

The deadline for nominations in the student by-election came, and it was found that the two positions had been filled by acclamation.

Cecil W. Robson, a member of the R.C.M.P., succeeds to the position of Union Secretary. Cecil is an Arts graduate of the University of Saskatchewan, and is here deep in the throes of legal study. Popular among his fellow men, Robson was coach of the wrestling team and a member of the Law Club executive last year. His new position will find him capable of whatever is demanded of him.

A jolly-good-fellow is Jack Butterfield, who has taken upon his shoulders the responsibility of secretary-treasurer of Men's Athletics. Also from Saskatchewan, Regina to be exact, Jack is a senior student in Agriculture. He has always played an active part in student athletics, and managed the men's senior basketball team last year.

Still, a by-election would have been fun.

## Speaker Predicts U.B.C. Expansion

Post-war Growth Forecast

By A. H. B. Backman

VANCOUVER, Oct. 1.—Expansion of the University of British Columbia and all Canadian universities after the war is won, was forecast today in the traditional Cairn Ceremony by Robert Bonner, President of the Literary and Scientific Executive. Speaking to the undergraduates who gathered around the Cairn, Bonner advised them that as alumni they would be called upon to support a student campaign for more buildings and expansion that would rival the historic campaign of 1922.

It was then that students, tired of the cramped quarters in the traditional Fairview Shacks, petitioned the Provincial Government to complete the construction of the University of British Columbia at Point Grey, which had commenced in 1915 and stopped because of the first World War. As part of a detailed plan, the students marched and biked from Fairview to the Point Grey campus, some six miles distant, singing college songs, in an effort to arouse support from the public.

When they arrived at Point Grey they constructed the Cairn with available rocks, and placed in it the signatures of 51,000 citizens of Vancouver and British Columbia who supported their demands for a newer and better university. They won their case, but not before Al Richards, president of the Alma Mater Society, had to appear before the Provincial Legislature with his arguments for immediate construction. Subsequently the University was erected and finally opened in 1925.

This trek and campaign has developed into a tradition, which is revived in spirit each year at the Cairn Ceremony.

## MILITARY NOTES

Part I Orders—No. 19

By Lieut.-Col. P. S. Warren, Officer Commanding, Edmonton, Alberta, 5th October, 1940.

1. Last Order No. 18.  
2. Duties: Orderly Officer for week ending 12th October, 1940: Lieut. R. E. Gilham, Sgt. C. Moon. Next for duty, for week ending 19th October, 1940: Lieut. H. W. Hewitson, Sgt. Samuel.

3. Training: All personnel will parade on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays on Company areas. In bad weather companies will fall in at the Drill Hall (Varsity Rink). Notice will be posted.

Oct. 9: 1600-1730 hrs., Sections 16-24, E.S.D., in slow and quick time; 1730-1800 hrs., route march.  
Oct. 11: 1600-1630 hrs., recapitulation of E.S.D., Sections 4-24; 1630-1730 hrs., E.S.D., Sections 25-27; 1730-1800 hrs., route march.

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## THE GATEWAY



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**T**HE by-election is over before it starts. The two vacancies caused by the enlistment of the two men elected last spring have been filled by acclamation. If the interest shown in this by-election is any indication of the University spirit on the campus—and we believe it is—perhaps it is just as well that there is to be no intercollegiate sport this year. When the students are given an opportunity to elect a man to represent them on Council, to voice their opinion on arising issues, and they fail to do so, it is a sign that something is wrong.

### Sterility of Varsity Spirit

Had the Freshmen been given a voice in the election, things might have been different, for, from all appearances, the eagerness and spirit prevailing in the Frosh class makes the Senior students appear quiescent. This is a sad state indeed.

What measure of success can we hope for the overtown bowling league, which is now under consideration, or for the junior rugby games to be played at the Grid? How will an attempt to stimulate inter-fac sport be received? Or for that matter, how will any extra-curricular activity flourish in the present atmosphere?

There must be some reason for this sterility of interest. Perhaps the cancellation of intercollegiate competition, and the loss of the trips connected with it has caused us to feel that nothing else in the extramural field is worth while. Could it be that we are becoming so used to taking commands barked at us by instructors on the training ground that all our initiative has been sapped from us?

Whatever the cause, it must be remedied. The cure, however, must come from within. The University contributes to the life of each student. He in turn should be responsible for the life of the University.

The first rugby games comes off Saturday, with a Pep Rally scheduled for Friday night and a parade Saturday afternoon. Upon this depends the future of University spirit. Should this rally fail, we wholeheartedly recommend that Council discontinue its attempts to carry on intercollegiate sport.

**D**ESPITE the fact that the male students of the universities are devoting much of their time to military training, we have heard ourselves referred to as idle, indifferent slackers, taking our training because we have to, not because of any loyalty or urge to fight. Such defamation is dangerous, and to anyone who doesn't know the first thing about universities, such criticism is appealing. To refute such statements common among non-university men requires better arguments than we can muster up at such short notice. Our sentiments, however, are expressed admirably by Paul C. McGillicuddy in a preface to his book, "Between Lectures."

### In Reply to Censure

Pointing out the difference between this war and the last, he states that only a special part of this war will be fought at the front.

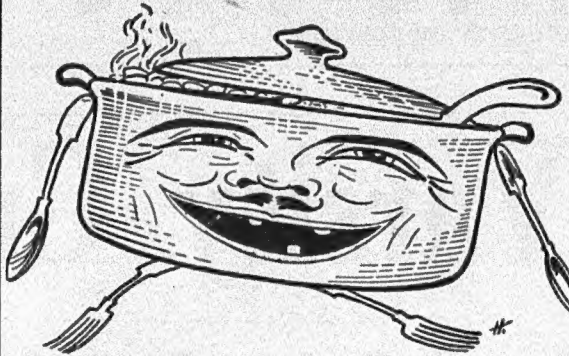
"Today's war is a war of machines, and the men who build them are as important as the men who use them, and those who supply food to both are most important of all, for if they fail the whole organization crumbles."

Stating that this is no time for impulsive moral judgments, Mr. McGillicuddy goes on to say about university students:

"In the case of young men and women of outstanding promise, it would be only a sane investment to compel them to develop their latent abilities to the point where they can be applied to the best advantage. To send this year's crop of matriculation scholarship winners to the trenches simply because they are old enough to serve, but not experienced to serve as executives or officers, would be the blindest folly."

The author claims that this war of subtle propaganda must be met with weapons equally as vicious,

## CASSEROLE



"Jane wasn't at all angry when you suggested that she reduce her hips."

"Of course not. A word to the wide is sufficient."

"I've a notion to give you a piece of my mind."

"Okay, but first you'd better let me call a certain scientist I know to help you."

"A scientist?"

"Yeah, a guy who knows how to split atoms."

Before you can feather your nest you have to be able to make down payments.

Cute Chorine—I hear that you got the spotlight operator terribly flustered when you kissed him during working hours.

Chum—Yes, the poor boy turned all colors.

A great water sport is making ice cubes for highballs.

Kindly Clergyman (pinching little boy's knee)—And who has nice chubby, pink legs?  
Little Boy—Mamma.

Wife—What's the matter with your head?

Hubby—I have a headache.

Wife—Who, me?

Men want women and women want diamonds, so that puts men on the rocks.

Cop—What are you shivering for?

Man—I have \$50,000 in cold cash in my pocket.

There was a tall gangling pirate who didn't mind walking the plank. Although he couldn't swim, he could wade like the very devil.

Another time when a woman burns the candle at both ends is when it's on her birthday cake.

"There was some excitement at the nudist colony."

"Did my sister get away with a whole skin?"

"No, the police made her cover part of it."

Light entertainment is always welcome unless it's in the girl friend's parlor.

Blonde—Jane's conduct with men seems to be letter perfect.

Brunette—Naturally. She knows them from A to Z.

The only girl who can get money every time she lifts a finger is a manicurist.

"I'm afraid the arson suspect has a fever."

"Yes, he's burning all over."

"My boy friend makes his living as a contortionist."

"Go on! He's just a detective."

"Sure, but that's why he has to keep his nose to the grindstone and his ear to the ground."

and that we must wage a more desperate economic battle. "These must be fought with applied research in the social services."

"The university fosters such research . . . and only as the university has done its job well have the great nations of the world progressed."

"The essence of the ideology which we are now obliged to combat in Europe is its disdain for intellect. If we should ever forsake the opposite view in the slightest degree, by so much will we identify ourselves with those whom we now call, with good reason, our enemies."

"In this struggling world, if we are to keep our heads, we must keep our universities and everything they represent."

## EDITORIAL SQUIBS

It's time that the co-eds of this University were following the example set by the women of other universities, and forming first aid groups and any other form of service which will aid Canada's war effort. This would do a great deal to dispel the illusion of an overtown editor with regard to the war services undertaken by the Canadian universities. When the Indians go on the warpath, watch out!

The Axis powers have been bolstered by the entrance into the war of the Republic of San Marino. This tiny country has thrown its full power of 989 men into the conflict, in an endeavor to spread Fascism over the world. Counteracting this menace is the University of Alberta Auxiliary Battalion with a membership of well over a thousand men. Looks like trouble ahead—for the San Marineseans.

## Wide-Eyed in Gotham

By Reuven Frank  
A Canadian University Press Feature

### Last of the Health Clowns.

**FLUSHING.**—The stage attractions at the New York World's Fair (of 1940) are variously good, bad and indifferent, but they are all spectacular. A bevy of beautiful damsels swimming to the music of Vincent Lopez' orchestra at the Aquacade; Gypsy Rose Lee at the Streets of Paris; a chorus of thousands singing Irving Berlin's songs on the world's largest revolving stages at the American Jubilee—and then the "girlie" shows, Zorina, Living Magazine Covers, 20,000 Legs Under the Sea, and so on down the Great White Way. Women are the keynote—women in bathing suits, women in tights, women in gradually diminishing, and just women. There is still a bit of the circus stuff, but when a show on the Midway (Great White Way to you)

wants to draw a crowd for a thirty-foot monster, it exhibits two pretty women as nearly deshabille as Mayor LaGuardia will allow, and from the National Cash Register to Liberty Lake all you can hear is: " . . . undraped and unadorned . . ." Yet, the best entertainer at the Fair is a man who wears yellow pantaloons, a green jacket, a silk hat and a putty nose. Actually, his hands and his eyes are the only parts of his anatomy exposed to public view. What is more, he isn't even on the Great White Way, but in the heart of the exhibit area, in the Federal Works Agency building, where he does three performances a day four or five days, flanked by the New York City Symphony and the American Folk Dance Group. His friends call him Lucas, but the kids—there are thousands of them—know him as Doctor Zip, the health clown.

"Now I'm going to do some magic. See this little piece of tissue paper? Read what is written on it: 'Good habits make good health.' You stick to your good habits and you will always have good health. All-rightie, now I am going to tear up this piece of paper into two, four, eight, oh, lots of pieces. Then I'll sprinkle some woodie-dust from my vest-pocket here on the torn ends of paper. Woodie-dust is a very magic powder. . . ."

His shoes are two feet long and his putty nose is not much shorter. As for his tricks, well, they don't show much of a margin over any professional magician. You know the stuff, making an egg disappear and then appear where it wasn't, untying the knot in one bunch and tying up the other bunch of silks without even so much as looking at them. But he speaks in a childish drawl, and when he pulls dry handkerchiefs from a cylinder full of water they are printed with beets, carrots, potatoes and other vegetables, "and are very good for you, too."

"The name Zip was the original when I first started using it." The putty nose comes off very easily, but the make-up sticks in spots. "Now, of course, they are using it for depilatory creams and all sorts of things, but back in 1924 in Detroit, when I first started, it was original. No, I never was a vaude-

ville magician; I got into this through puppetry, strangely enough. I was asked to rig up a puppet show for the Tuberculosis Association out there, and they wanted some clowning in between the acts, while the puppets were being prepared. Well, I never did get around much to the puppets. . . ."

There have been five hundred thousand New York public school children who were glad to miss an afternoon of reading and "rhythmic" to see the funny magician. Mr. Lucas has figures to prove it. His work for the Board of Education is followed up the next week by hygiene lessons, but the real value is derived when the children see him pour eight glasses of water out of an empty pitcher, "and you can get your eight glasses of water a day from the tap."

Six months touring with Tony Sarg as a puppeteer, a few months with the Borestell Stock Company, starring Ann Harding, a turn or two on Broadway, acting between layoffs, but by and large he has been Doctor Zip since 1924. In 1930 he left the consumptives of Michigan to amuse the school children here. He made the change—well, it seems that health clowns are all employed by charitable institutions, "and you know what happened to them in 1930."

There were seven health clowns at one time. "That's the peak, and the number has been diminishing gradually until I am the last, so far as I know." The first was Cho Cho (he's long since dead), who took his name from the Children's Health Organization. And there were others, but they found other things to do. There was Healthy, the Milk Clown, who used to work for the Dairymen's Association, but has made quite a success as a writer since then. He wrote "What a Life," which played on Broadway quite successfully, and is doing the Aldrich Family series on the radio. You know, Clifford Goldsmith."

"Those damned bells!" In our far from humble opinion, the speaker ranks second only to Health Clown Lucas among the entertainers at Cousin Grover's Carnival. But technically, he is even less of a professional entertainer than Doctor Zip. From his stand, just a spit and a whistle from the lagoon of nations, he sells concave metal discs. Two discs are stuck together, and you can talk or hum into them. The slight vibration, if properly controlled, can give the illusion of a trumpet, a saxophone, or even a violin.

But it's not a gazoo. "What makes the noise in a gazoo, I'll tell you—tissue paper. Sometimes the tissue paper breaks, and you go upstairs for more. It's two-to-one the door is locked." And so his line progresses, raw gags and pathos mingled; his voice is very reminiscent of George Jessel—and those vest-pocket orchestras sell with amazing speed. "I got a few more left in the case here, so I want to sell them tonight. If there aren't enough in the case left for the people who want to buy them, don't worry, I got plenty more cases."

In front of him is the Standard Brands Building, with a puppet show going on night and day. Behind him, as he talks, is the Belgian Building, topped by a pretentious carillon tower. Every evening, from eight o'clock to nine, the carillonneur peels forth "Long, Long Ago," Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," Auld Lang Syne, and other "folk-tunes" and "lighter classics." To the man on the stand it's just "those damned bells."

His voice breaks as he tells his woes. "I pay a hundred and fifty bucks a week for this stand." It is about twice the size of a phone booth, but he attracts a crowd four yards deep all around him. "That's more per foot than any big exhibit in the whole Fair, and extra for lights. But when I sign the contract they don't tell us nothing about them bells. Does anybody listen to them? No. But my best time, just before the people are going to see the amusements, and they play bells."

"I used to close up when they played, but I can't afford it, so now I talk myself hoarse. O.K., so I like a bell too, once in a while. You hit a bell and it goes 'Bong' and it sounds beautiful. You hit it again and it goes 'Bong' again, not so beautiful as before, but still beautiful. But they go on for hours. Do you know what they're trying to do on the darned bells?" He pauses for dramatic effect. "They're trying to play a song with them."

unworthy, if not selfish, motive. Can it be honestly believed that anyone would willingly sacrifice six years of his life, a degree and many hundreds of dollars (as some are prepared to do) for any such motive as this?

Sloppy thinking is typical of the man on the street. It even occurs on the editorial pages of our leading newspapers. But we had thought the University a sanctuary against it. Someone is sure to say, "Ah, but you forget that we are at war!" Yes, we are at war against a visible enemy, but we ought also to be at war against "the enemies of our souls," lest we be vanquished from within, even as we are victors outwardly.

Perhaps the enormity of the situation is not fully apparent until we consider the fact that it has occurred in a university; here, within walls which we are taught to believe are sacred to the holy pursuit of it." This clearly implies an

(Continued on Page 4)

## THE BALLAD OF FRANK McFROSH

Now Frank, my friend, met a dirty end when he stepped in Arts one day.

There on the stair was a man with a glare and a tongue that Frank heard say:

"Fill in this sheet, my innocent sweet, and you'll never regret the end."

We don't work here, we sing and cheer and find a pretty friend; A friend to beguile your heart for a while, I'll show you all the best. You can choose from them all, if she won't play ball, then play with one of the rest."

My friend he bit and not knowing it, he signed his soul to hell.

They gave him a cap, the stupid sap, and told him he'd get on well.

The minute he walked from his advisor's talk he started to get the dirt,

The med exam caused many a damn, for they took the poor boy's shirt.

There were doctors five, very much alive, and addicted to prod and poke,

He was jabbed and pinched, made to wince, and they took it as a joke.

His self-esteem, they had stripped him clean, was very jaded and worn,

The Docs all laughed, they loved to chaff, Frank wished he hadn't been born.

Frank left the test to seek some rest, frowning on all who passed,

When his shoulder was tapped by the dirty rat, the lad who talked so fast.

It was the man on the stair, the man with the glare, who had stopped him once again:

"Follow me if you want some glee—I'll show you relief from pain."

Frank went to the hall and there on the wall was an ad for a course in woo;

He jumped at the chance to learn romance and decided what he should do.

Frank searched on high with many a sigh for room seven, seven, seven,

But neither there, nor anywhere, could he find that pass to heaven.

Then his heart was stilled, he could have killed, for he spied along the hall,

The man on the stair, the man with the glare, the lad with the stories tall.

Frank's cap forbid, so his thoughts he hid, his anger disappeared,

For this poor boy, bereft of joy, for the first time was afraid.

He feared his arm, it might do harm, to the dirty Sophomore. He decided to wait, since it wasn't too late to learn some campus lore.

So Frank, my friend, met his end as a measly little Frosh; He sits and hopes that next year's dopes will even up his loss.

J. S. W.



Greetings and salutations, friends and fellow studes!

It is with the greatest pleasure that we present this weekly play by description of the comings and wavings of the members of the "Sons of the Soil"—Aggies to you folks.

The class of '44 has been successfully registered. "They shore looks good as any fool kin plainly see" (pardon the colloquialism). This year will undoubtedly be one of unsurpassed activity on the part of the Ag Club. Big things are expected of at least two of our freshies, Jorgens and Timmins, who stand out in the Fresh class like carbuncles on Ann Sheridan's nose.

And now a quotation from a noted sax player—Corny Joe Bonthron, who was overheard remarking to a passing freshette, quote, "Come on over, I've got something I want to show you", unquote. Subtle like a circus poster, don't you think?

Honors in the local snooker tournament will probably be divided among Rube Reynolds, Whistle Leat and Mountain Den Polomark, who incidentally is wielding a wicked cue this year—between drinks.

A sight as strange as an Semitic cheer leader at a Nazi picnic was noticed t'other day as one Muscles Bicknell was seen in a lecture with both eyes open. It can't last!

A happy thought comes to mind—the Wauneta just around the corner and us about as popular as skunks at a garden party. Tsk, tsk!

Did somebody say something about Sadie Hawkins? Good hunting, girls, should the season be declared illegally open again this semester!

And now, and only now, a shortage of similes is forcing us to close for the time being. The above characters are purely fictitious, and any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Knowing you are looking forward to meeting us again, as is mutually true, we remain,

Agriculturally yours,  
MORTIMER SNERD & CO.

## LOST

**Black Sheaffer Fountain Pen**, between Arts and Med. B-ward, Tuck date. Return to Gateway Office.

## JOHNSON'S CAFE

GOOD FOOD IS GOOD HEALTH

Corner 101st Street and Jasper Ave.

## AFTER THE DANCE

why don't you try

## The Purple Lantern

You'll like the different atmosphere and enjoy the Chinese cuisine

On 100th Ave., around the corner from Kresge's

## The Philosophical Society

presents

OCTOBER 9

E. J. H. Greene: The Collapse of Democracy in France.

NOVEMBER 13

L. H. Nichols: The Physical Basis of Music

DECEMBER 11

F. G. Winspear: [Title to be announced.]

JANUARY 8

Robert Newton: The National Research Council: a Public Institution.

FEBRUARY 12

Heber C. Jamieson: Medical Education in the Fourteenth Century.

MARCH 12

S. W. Field: The Place of the Lawyer in Modern Society.

Single Admission, 25 cents

Series Ticket (Student), 50 cents

We would like to point out to the students that there is practically no advance in the price of textbooks, the difference being caused by the U.S. exchange of 10% and the new Dominion Government War Tax of 10%.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

# University Book Store



# Ho, Brave Old World

Ho, Brave old world with broken wings!  
Fight on for Human Rights and Truth!  
Deep in your troubled bosom sings  
The deathless voice of Marching Youth!  
Deep underneath the roar of guns  
That drowns the anguish of the slain,  
Ah, Hear the shout of Freedom's sons  
Like thunder o'er the stricken plain!  
O, Brave old world, do not retreat  
Before this monster clothed in power!  
The charred earth 'neath his blasting feet  
Shall bloom again in Freedom's flower.  
The ruined altars of the Free,  
The ravished fields, the smoking plain—  
All these shall be restored to thee—  
All these shall proudly rise again!  
O, Brave old world, give blow for blow  
And thrust for thrust of singing steel!  
The boasting tyrant, lay him low!  
Your blade of Justice let him feel!  
His gilded fortresses of Wrong  
Unscathed before our footsteps lie;  
O, Comrades, it will be long  
Before our banners fill the sky!  
And then all 'round the Happy Earth  
Shall Peace and Freedom shed their light!  
Then not in Terror, but in Mirth  
Shall Mankind greet each starlit night!  
No hunger in the teeming lands;  
No Hatred in our eager hearts—  
But only Work for Brains and Hands  
When this black brood of Force departs!  
BERT HUFFMAN.  
Delburne, Nov. 8, 1939.

# Dishwater Drama Annoys Housewife

Turn on your radio. You have a fifty-fifty chance of hearing Drippo's own "Sobster", "Limp Love", "The Minister's Midwife", or some other soap-sponsored dishwater drama. Try to get the news and you're sure to run into one. If you're like myself, you'll switch to another station or turn the radio off. Frankly, I'd get out of the bathtub to turn the thing off. When I can't possibly get at the radio, or it's somebody else's set and I can't legally touch it, I'm scared that I'll be levelled with a fit of nervous prostration, so I escape out of hearing range as quickly as I can.  
There are thousands like myself who have developed either mild or severe Fifteenminutedramaphobia. I don't know. Perhaps it is because the over-exaggerated emotional orgies of these programs jangle against our sense of propriety. They pant and drip drool like a St. Bernard on a sweltering August day.  
I suppose there are individuals who enjoy them. I met one once. She was a female domestic. While her mistress was out to the regular tea and gossip session, she put aside her dust cloth and indulged in a few of these programs.  
Meanwhile, the majority of radio listeners are the goats. Notice how rare they are on haywire station and clothesline networks. These programs go over publicly-controlled wire facilities, and they are broadcast over the more powerful CBC stations.  
By peddling the old oil mixed with soft soap, the manufacturers hope to get rid of their chips, flakes, jiffies, and so forth. There is one consolation. They are cutting each other's throats in the competition, on the dog eat dog principle.  
What with soap being more sudsy, whiter, washier and easier on the hands—heaven need no longer protect the working girl.

# Much Ado About Nothing

By QUEENA WERSHOF

Although this column is essentially much ado about nothing, since last issue there has been much ado about something—namely, the war effort of the girls on this campus. Our best wishes to you, girls; we know you'll make a success of whatever you undertake.

Incidentally, did you know that the women's editor of the McGill Daily is intending to send a column across the Canadian University Press wires, which will consist of news about what the co-eds are thinking and doing on the various Canadian campuses. If any of you are doing individual or group work among yourselves, would you kindly get in touch with the women's editor of this week's paper.

And so from the serious to the... Well, anyway:

Did you know that 50 years ago a German doctor declared that tight collars made you near-sighted. (So that is how it all began!)

Note to co-eds who thrive on masculine atmosphere. Casually stroll over to Little Tuck before four on C.O.T.C. days. We innocently dashed in for a coke and dashed out a lot faster. Isn't there an old adage about too much of a good thing?

However, for them wot like it... Came across some very good advice on the subject of breaking a date. "Normally you make a date, sign a contract for a few hours of your precious time, and regard it as a sacred obligation. You don't break it to make others, nor because you change your mind at the last minute. You don't break dates unless you break your leg. (Pretty drastic, what?) If you're doubtful about being able to keep your date, don't make it in the first place. But once made, give plenty of warning that you can't go and a sincere and sorry explanation for defaulting."

You can get away with it—but not too often.

The subject of abolition of corsages and decorations for formal affairs has again come up. To be or not to be. Zat is ze question!

American college girls score again—or do they. On the campus they now sport men's tailor-made slacks, long men's jackets with right buttonings, men's raincoats, men's moccasins, all made out of mannish materials. What will they think of next?

Heard what we consider a very brilliant suggestion. Daylight Saving Time, only vice versa, on the campus. Thus the first lecture would start at 9 instead of 8 o'clock. Oh, the joy of being able to sleep in an extra hour!

Did you hear the one about the man who gazed incredulously at a huge mounted fish, and finally said: "The man who caught that fish is a liar."

And then there was the famous biologist who, having unsuccessfully tried to teach a monkey to play ball, left the little creature in a room with a bat, ball and glove. After he closed the door, he silently waited a moment, then stooped and peered through the keyhole into the monkey's room.

He found himself staring into an intent brown eye.  
Our apologies, Mr. Editor of the Casseroles. We just couldn't help it.

From a delightful book of verse by Dorothy Parker comes this selection, entitled "Observation":  
If I don't drive around the park,  
If I'm in bed each night by ten,  
I'm pretty sure to make my mark.  
I may get back my looks again,  
If I abstain from fun and such,  
I'll probably amount to much.  
But I shan't stay the way I am,  
Because I do not give a damn.

# U. of C. Students Know Lecture End By Popular Song Played in Bell-Tower

By Yvonne Misener

"On the rugged eastern foothills  
Stands our symbol clear and bold;  
Big 'C' means to fight and strive  
And win for Blue and Gold."

On the summit of one of the Berkeley hills, overlooking the campus of the University of California, lies a huge yellow letter known to the students as the Big C, their pride and symbol.

Last year I was one of the 17,000 students registered at the University there, whose faculty alone numbers over one thousand. This institution has several branches, the main one being situated at Berkeley, and the others at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Davis and elsewhere throughout the state.

The campus itself is unusually beautiful, with its palm trees, rolling lawns, fountains and streams. It is nestled at the foot of the Berkeley hills, which form popular riding and hiking grounds for the students. There are a total of 55 buildings on the campus: medical, engineering, music and others. There are parking areas for the faculty and students, and even traffic control.

A building which a great many in Alberta would envy is the library, with over one million volumes. In warm weather students used to gather out on the steps of the main entrance, as we do in the rotunda of the Arts, to converse. As far as finding a vacant seat in one of the huge reading rooms, well, it was just about impossible, particularly around exam time. For recreational reading, students have a beautifully furnished sitting-room in which to relax. Most of the large departments have their own libraries. Taking a book out did not mean

simply walking up to the desk and asking for it. You had first to look up the author in the catalogue, then write down the call number on what are called "Home Use Slips," then take that to the desk and have it okayed, by showing your registration card, and finally stand around and wait. There were occasions when I waited for almost an hour. By the time your turn came, the answer often was: "I am sorry, but all the library copies are out."

Most newcomers are very much interested in the Student Union building, with its courtyard, from which opens the book store and cafeteria, with upstairs a post office, barber shop and general store. Membership in the Union is voluntary. The men and women have each their own club rooms—delightfully furnished rooms, in which many of the campus dances are held. Student Theatre, a huge circular open air meetings take place in the Greek construction. The students face the centre, seated in tiers of concrete seats. The gymnasium for men and women include fields for sports, swimming pools, indoor and out. Any registered student may swim at certain hours for his own pleasure, or he may reserve a room for badminton, ping-pong, or whatever he desires. Instruction is given, with or without credit, in everything from golf to archery, gymnastics and dancing. As a member of the Athletic Association, one can take riding, fencing, skating, or even sailing.

One of the most delightful experiences of the campus at Berkeley was to come and go to the sound of music. From a 310-foot tower, known as the Campanile, chimes would ring out the hour. That was our means of knowing when a class began and ended. At stated times bell-ringers would play requests of the students.

Sports play a large part in the life of California universities. Football is the most popular, basketball ranking close behind. The stadium at Berkeley seats 90,000. Many a celebrity has sat there, from movie stars to famous athletes.

Before the commencement of a game, the University band with its blue and gold uniforms, headed by its drum-major swinging his baton, marches into the stadium to the cheers of the crowd of sport lovers. It is the sign that the game is about to begin when the band takes up its position in front of the cheering section, one of the largest "male choruses" in the world. For a moment there is silence. Then the players strike up the tune of a Cal. song and everybody joins in singing and waving colored pom-poms. The "Big Game" brings the football season to a close. It is the most exciting of all, as it is against Stanford University, the great rival of U.C. Last year, the night before the game, a group of Stanford Indians (so-called by U.C. students) secretly arrived on the Berkeley campus. Very stealthily they started to climb the hill which leads to the big "C". One ambition was in the minds of those Stanfordites—to paint the "C" red, their college color. But, alas, on the summit of that famous hill stood a sentinel, whose duty it was to guard the precious "C" for the U.C. He gave a general alarm, and before long was joined by other sentinels. Then the fun began. The poor Stanford Indians turned and fled down the hill, with

# My Pleasure

Ah, this I love; to be alone, and this:  
A warming sun, a gentle August breeze,  
To lie on sand and gaze with half-closed eye  
On rippling water, turquoise sky, and trees.

It is my privilege this to behold  
Behold and worship that which is divine;  
I'm thankful I was born a Nature-lover,  
And that the privilege to see is mine.

I pity him who cannot thus adore;  
He but exists, indigent little soul;  
And I can live, I can enjoy the game,  
Find Love along the way and at the goal.

My friend the World believes me taciturn,—  
Too sentimental, or too fond of dreams;  
Impractical in this material world  
To seek and love the beautiful, he deems;

He mocks me, for he fails to understand;  
The lovely things in life he fails to see;  
But let him mock; I care not, for I am  
Completely happy in just being ME.

CLAUDIA A. BARKER.

# A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

Teach me, Oh Father, as I travel on  
To better myself between dawn and dawn;  
Teach me to think, and to act and to say  
Things of encouragement as I travel life's way.

Help me to lead and to aid and to give;  
Teach me tolerance, teach me to live.  
I thank Thee, Oh Father, for all that has passed,  
For trials and my triumphs; my play and my tasks.

For my life I am thankful; the friends who are near  
Will always remain in my heart close and dear.  
I pray that my days will be full through life's span,  
I pray God that I'll always act like a man.

Ernest Boyd Heuter.

—From the "Pup Tent", undergraduate paper of New Mexico Military Institute.

the Cal. "Golden Bears" close at their heels. One poor student was captured and suffered a complete head shave at the hands of his rivals. The rest of the Indians sought refuge with the police. The "Golden Bears" were too much for them. The "Big Game" was held this last year at Palo Alto, where Stanford University is situated. Special trains from Berkeley and San Francisco were packed with gay crowds of students, singing and cheering. To celebrate our victory, we all returned to San Francisco that night. The streets of that famous city were soon covered with confetti and pieces of streamers.

Another highlight of the season was known as "Cal. Day at the Fair," when U.C. entertained the southern California universities. Ferry loads of students were landing all day long on Treasure Island. Most of us spent the day taking in the fair. Towards evening we all gathered together while the bands of the various universities marched by, playing their college songs while the crowd cheered. In a grand finale, our U.C. drum-major headed all the bands, as they wended their way across the fair grounds towards the Music Building, where a dance was held to finish off the day. Still another feature, which takes place only once in four years, was the Big "Sirkus". The "Sirkus" was preceded by a parade through the streets of Berkeley of more than one hundred floats. At the head of the parade were the queen and her attendants, chosen by popular vote. Behind them came the U.C. band and the rest of the procession.

Californians like a good time. There was lots of social life on the campus. Every Friday night students danced in the clubrooms of the Student Union building, to the music of a well-known orchestra from one of the big hotels in San Francisco, and on Saturday nights in the men's gymnasium. These latter dances were attended by several thousand, but the room was tremendous in size. The attraction of the evening might be a celebrated singer, or orchestra member, or perhaps a champion "jitterbugger." California has a new jitterbug style all its own. "The real hot stuff," as some call it, is passed there. Programs were not given out as they often are at our U. of A. Saturday night dances. You danced the whole evening with your partner. However, this was not the case at formal dances. These affairs were done on a very large scale, usually being held in one of the San Francisco hotels. San Francisco is just across the Bay from Berkeley—a half-hour's ride by car, or electric train across the magnificent San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. At the Sophomore dance this last year a vote was taken among the students for the most popular movie actress, who was to be the guest of the evening. Rosemary Lane was their choice.

In "Sunny California," style differs greatly from our colder climate. Pastel shades in dresses and skirts are popular among the women students; so too are ankle socks, which they all wear. The fashion is to have your socks match your blouse in color. White flats, such as saddle oxfords, dutch boy or dutch girl, are worn by both men and women students. Among the

# College of Education Enters Inaugural Year With Dr. M. E. LaZerte Director; Argue Joins Staff



September, 1940, marked the inauguration of a new faculty at the University of Alberta—the College of Education. The event of its attaining faculty status commemorated the 11th anniversary of the formation of the School of Education under the direction of Dr. M. E. LaZerte.

In 1929, seven students enrolled in the post-graduate class in search of their senior teaching certificate. Today there are forty-five regular School of Eder's with larger classes in Junior Business, Drama, Music and Art, which can be taken by Arts students planning to enroll in the College following their graduation. Three hundred men and women have graduated from the School during its eleven years of teaching service.

These collegiates organize as any other class does, and run the Engineers and Aggies a close second in class spirit, despite their limited spare time. Monday the School of Eder's staged their annual election, and appointed to their executive: Mr. J. E. Hawker, president; Miss Gwen Robinson, vice-president; Miss Kay Gottenberg, secretary; Mr. W. E. Kostash, treasurer, and Miss Beth Rankin, chairman of social committee.

Familiar to all Edmonton school children are the practice teachers from the College of Education. Two days a week the teachers-to-be enter the city schools for practise teaching under the eagle eye of the regular instructors. This year's new crop began this phase of their year's work on October 1st, and many found to their surprise that teaching under supervision was not as hard as it's cracked up to be.

To graduates of the faculties of Arts, Commerce, Agriculture and Household Economics, the College at the completion of a year's successful study grants a senior High School Teacher's Certificate, which gives the right to teach all the high school grades, including twelve. A degree is not a necessary prerequisite, however, for under the new system inaugurated last year students in the above mentioned faculties at the completion of two years undergraduate study may enroll in the College for their Junior Certificate, which allows them to teach to Grade XI. Even students having completed only one year Arts study with credit in English 2, Political Economy 1 or History, French 2 or History, French 2 or Latin 2, Mathematics 40, and Physics or Chemistry, can receive such a junior certificate. To make it even more convenient, the present time-table in Arts and Science makes it possible for students to substitute Philosophy 2 for certain of these named courses and pick up the needed prerequisite in the College of Education year.

Beside the professional training, the College offers the degree of Bachelor of Education and Master of Education. Extracurricular at summer sessions 87 teachers are working towards these higher degrees. The numbers seeking such advanced education are rapidly increasing.

The College is organizing an education clinic, a new idea in the educational life of Alberta. This clinic has undertaken the study of all problem cases referred to it by teachers in Edmonton and district. It will diagnose the difficulties and form the basis of a remedial instruction program. This idea is bound to be a success, for there are always seemingly unsolvable problems of John's conduct or Mary's distraction and disinterest whose solutions are simple when attacked from the right angle.

The staff is composed of Dr. M. E. LaZerte, Dr. H. E. Smith, Dr. K. F. Argue and sessional lecturers Miss Marian Bowman, Mrs. Higgins, Mr. Emrys Jones and Mr. Pantan.

Dean of the College or Principal by formal terminology is Dr. M. E.

men students the popular outfit is yellow cords, and the dirtier they get the more fashionable they are. All the engineers wear jeans with the cuff turned up once or twice, or better still, one cuff rolled up higher than the other. In extremely hot weather the men wear tea shirts, which vary in color from a mild blue to a brilliant yellow, green, or even red. You cannot beat the Californians for originality!

Strange as it may sound, the campus of the University of Alberta would just nicely fit into one of my classes that I had in the States. It was a course in Psychology. There were 1,500 in the one classroom, which was a huge auditorium, just like a theatre. The professor stood on a stage at the foot of the auditorium and spoke through a microphone to the students. Loud speakers carried his voice to the back of the room. When it came to the marking of exams in this course, a machine was used. This meant that all questions had to be of the true and false, or multiple choice type. The chief drawback to such mass education in that there is no individual work, no expressing of opinions.

The numbers in the Reserved Officers' Training Corps on the campus there have greatly increased this past year. Every noon hour the bugle call would sound and the drum would beat out the time, as uniformed students marched by, on their way to one of the large open fields for drill work.

It was an extremely interesting experience attending another university and seeing what life is like on another campus. California is a wonderful place to go, and I hope to visit it again some day, but—

"Ring out a cheer for our Alberta!"  
It really is great to be wandering once more along the corridors of dear old U. of A.

Education in 1932. Under Dr. G. D. H. Cole, Dr. Argue took his Master's degree at Oxford University, where he studied two years on an I.O.D.E. scholarship. In 1940 he graduated with the degree of Doctor of Education from Columbia University, New York City. Here also he held a scholarship. Before his appointment here, Dr. Argue was employed by the New York State Department of Education on a research study of school finance. U. of A. is proud to welcome back to its halls Dr. Kenneth Argue.

A young physician calls his suburban estate Bedside Manor.—Reader's Digest.

Alcohol may give a red nose, a white liver, a yellow streak, a dark brown breath, and a blue outlook.—Reader's Digest.

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.—John Barrymore.

Lady: A woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.—Walter Winchell.

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# Theatre Directory

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EMPRESS—Monday to Wednesday, double bill: Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in "I Want a Divorce," and Jean Rodgers and Robt. Stelling in "Yesterday's Heroes."

VARSCONA—Wednesday and Thursday, double bill: Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in "Cowboy and Lady"; "Hero for a Day."

PRINCESS—Wednesday and Thursday, Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1940."



# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## Golden Bears Show Class In Practice For E.A.C. Contest

Will Meet Overtown Club in First League Game

### HUDDLE ABOLISHED

Under the expert tutelage of Coach Bob Fritz, the University of Alberta Golden Bears are rounding into just about the best piece of football machinery that has hit a western campus in many a long year.

Building on a large number of former Varsity men, Mr. Fritz has put a polish on the team that will carry the Green and Gold colors well up in the City Junior League.

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### BACK AGAIN



Wearing Green and Gold colors after a year's absence from the campus, Frank Foxlee, star javelin thrower, is ready for the Track Meet on Thanksgiving Day. Javelin throwing will be only a small portion of the program.

## Heard, Read and Seen

By FRED KENDRICK

The really big thing that seems to occupy the sports front this week is the formal debut of rugby. Saturday's game is the first of three home games for Varsity. We have a team this fall that really looks like the best that has ever graced our battle-scarred grid. Let's get out and give a new edition of the Golden Bears and their brand new coach a rousing send-off.

A word in passing. We would like especially to recommend to all new students a careful examination of the various clubs that are soliciting their membership. Either continue some sport you have already participated in, or get into something you always wanted to try and haven't yet. You're not too old or ugly yet to learn a few new tricks. But try and do something.

You know, that old ill wind is still acting on schedule. A friend of ours told us the other day that he was rather glad that intercollegiate sport is out for this year. His point is that right now we have a wonderful opportunity to "sell" the University of Alberta to the City of Edmonton. And in what better way can we do that than by really getting into contact through the medium of a city league with strong Varsity representation? No more, he claims, need Varsity be merely an oasis of culture on the south side of the river. Well, we think he really has something there.

And as a chaser to the above paragraph, may we humbly implore every man, woman and child who can break the ties that bind, get out and make Saturday's parade absolutely the best that ever stirred an echo on Jasper.

Oh, yes. Executives of any sports organization that would like notices run, will please bring them in just as soon as their dates are definitely fixed. The sooner you get them in the more chance for a build up. We'll do anything we can.

Well, if anyone has gotten as far as these words, good-bye now.

### NOTICE

All campus clubs and organizations under the Students' Union are advised to notify the Schedule Man of dates of meetings and regular functions.

Failure to comply with this regulation will subject offenders to action by the Students' Enforcement Committee.

## Fencers Planning Year Activities

Beginning its fifth year of operation on the campus, the University of Alberta Fencing Club swings into action for the 1940-41 session on Thursday night.

According to an announcement by President Ed Brooke, the first regular meeting of the organization will take place on Thursday night at eight o'clock in the gymnasium of St. Joseph's College.

Hereafter, bi-weekly meetings will be held, each Monday and Thursday night at eight.

Last year the club experienced one of the most successful in its brief history, and members are confident that this year will be even better than last.

We understand that last year's coach, Mr. Wetterberg, will again take care of the major share of the coaching. However, he will be capably assisted by veteran members.

Of last year's Varsity team, three have graduated—Jean Forster, Bob Peck and Dick Hoar. However, such well known fencers as Len Gads, Kay Van der Mark and Marge Upton will be on hand to take care of beginners.

Kay Van der Mark is secretary-treasurer of the club and, in addition, keeps an eye on the women's section.

Each year has seen more students realize the healthful exercise that fencing affords. Co-eds have found it a wonderful way to keep from adding to that girlish figure. Big strong men have discovered a way of getting rid of at least one inhibition, and imaging themselves Errol Flynn, at least for a night.

But for whatever reason, they do discover fencing, and once they do

## New Strip Room Feature in Gym

Students who participate in athletics this season have quite a surprise in store for them when they arrive in the new quarters provided in the Lower Gym of Athabasca Hall.

We refer to the extensive alterations that have been built to house the office of the Physical Education department, Central Check, and the men's strip room.

At present there are twenty-four lockers available, and there is plenty of room left for future expansion. Six showers are in operation, but it is possible to operate eleven if any additional are found to be necessary.

## Touch Rugby Introduced at Minnesota U.

Blocking Allowed Only on Line of Scrimmage

### EIGHT PLAYERS USED

According to the "Minnesota Daily," official publication of the Students' Union of the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis, a modified form of rugby has taken its place in intra-mural sport on that campus. The latest innovation is "Touchball."

From all reports the new game bids fair to outlive its predecessor, six-man rugby, in several sections of the United States. Some indication of its popularity may be gained from the fact that there are no less than thirty teams in an Independent League, as well as a fraternity league.

Touchball differs from ordinary rugby, first of all, in that eight players make up a team. Every one of the eight men is eligible to catch or throw a pass at any time and from any place on the field.

The line is made up of five men—two ends, two guards and a centre. A quarterback and two halfbacks comprise the backfield.

Blocking may be done only on the line of scrimmage. All that is needed in the way of equipment, according to our American brothers, is a pair of football shoes.

As in the regular American game, four downs are allowed. However, herein lies one of the big differences in scoring. At the end of those four consecutive downs, if the team does not score, the ball will be given to the opposing side.

Again, if the game ends in a tie at the end of regulation time, it is played off then and there. Each team is given five downs, and the team making the most yardage is declared the winner.

Time of play has also been considerably lessened. Regulation time is thirty minutes. The time is divided up into two halves each of fifteen minutes with a five-minute rest between them.

The rules tend to make the game wide open with an equal chance for everyone, big and small. It is obvious that the emphasis is on agility and speed, not on blocking or power-plays.

However, as the "Minnesotan" says, "touchball is not a silly game." It is apparent that it is one that would require men in good condition.

We understand that such a game was introduced into one of the local high schools several years ago. However, since then, any touch rugby we have seen has been of the common or "sand lot" variety.

Anyway, it does sound interesting, doesn't it?

### CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

of Truth, we discover something very different. If I may draw a parallel, there is not a similarity between the present instance and that of a Church which consistently preaches goodwill and the love of fellow-man as its basic tenet, and then, when it becomes expedient to do so, preaches hatred and revenge towards one section of that same fellow-man, only to revert once more to the original platitude when such is again the public fancy? I suggest that there is.

To consider it fairly, these students not only have certain convictions, but they possess the integrity of soul which will not harbor the compromise of principle. For this they are indeed rewarded! No doubt we will continue to be taught in future the "sanctity of truth" within halls at present rudely violated.

Make no mistake about it. It is the kind of strength that these men show that will really win us this war. It is our "patriotic" zealots with their mis-spent enthusiasm who will lose it. I cannot but be proud that there are some few persons here for whom principle transcends expediency. I salute them.

Yours,  
ERNEST NIX.

they are never quite free from the fencing bug.

So all you beginners turn out on Thursday night and see just how much fun it is.

## Twelve Man Interfaculty Loop Swings in Action Near Future

Bob Walford Organizes Student Schedule

### Fritz to Assist Coaching

After several days of doubt it rather seems that at last a real interfac rugby league will swing into action very, very soon.

At least, if present plans of Bob Walford, who is in charge of the loop, mature we will be able to get out and cheer our particular faculty on to certain victory on St. Stephen's College campus, directly south of the College.

Tuesday night saw most of the teams that will comprise the four-team league hard at work getting into shape to battle for supremacy on the campus.

This year the league will revert to the twelve-man game, after having tried the six-man version for the past two seasons. We understand that the change is partially due to the amount of equipment that is on hand just waiting to be used.

Interfac competition is always keen, and from the manner in which the various crews were going to it Tuesday afternoon at practice, this year's league promises to be as good as any that has operated here.

Although interfac competition has never been as "formal" as the Varsity variety, it has always been good. Much excellent Varsity material has come up from these leagues in the past.

But the fact remains, if you want a little rugby this fall, and want to enjoy it, turn out with your faculty.

As the loop now stands, there will be four teams operating. The "Slip Stick Boys" are presently under the management of Bob Inkpen and Herb Wilson. Arts-Comm-Law is being organized by Bruce Sangster. George Goldberg is currently whipping up the Aggies. We do not as yet know who is keeping tab on the Med-Pharm-Dent aggregation.

Mr. Bob Fritz, coach of the Varsity team, has signified his willingness to help in any way he can. For the present, however, it is pretty well up to the various faculties themselves to get things going for their own squad.

With the revision to the standard form of the game, lots of men are needed for each club. All interested are urged to turn out to the next practice, which will be held Thursday afternoon.

So get in touch with the representatives mentioned above.

## Statement Sport Situation: Cody

We at Alberta are apt to forget that other universities in Canada are having quite a time adjusting a drab sports picture this fall.

The following, reprinted from the Queen's University "Journal," Sept. 27, 1940, gives a little light on the Eastern interpretation of the situation:

Queen's University Journal

Word has come from President H. J. Cody of the University of Toronto, as President of the Canadian Universities Conference, of the cancellation of Senior Intercollegiate Athletics for the coming session.

At a meeting of the Conference on July 5, Dr. J. C. Simpson of McGill, speaking on behalf of athletic authorities of Queen's, McGill, Toronto and Western, stated that although it is their belief that athletics are an important part of University life, they are of secondary importance in war time. Thus, they felt that it would be unwise to continue Senior Intercollegiate competition during the coming year. The students, Dr. Cody said, should devote their time and energy to military training, and they would be glad to sacrifice some of their usual interest to fulfill their duty to their country.

Competitive sport, developed in conjunction with military training, will produce self-discipline and physical fitness.

The representatives of the four Universities therefore decided unanimously that Intercollegiate competition be discontinued for the 1940-41 session.

This report was unanimously accepted and approved by the Conference, which represents all the Universities of Canada, and the governing bodies of the various Universities have since confirmed this agreement.

## Panton Returns From P.B.A. Meet

Cagers May Play in Provincial Playoffs

An announcement of interest to student cage fans was made by Mr. Jim Panton on his return from the conference of the Provincial Basketball Association held in Calgary over the week-end.

This was to the effect that for the first time in many years it appears very possible that a Green and Gold cage squad will participate in the provincial basketball playoffs.

It has been made possible, Mr. Panton said, by advancing the date of the provincial play-downs to March 20.

The Varsity squad will be in the regular city league during the winter, meeting the top teams for the district title. Winner of the district loop will then represent this part of the world in the major tourney.

### NOTICE

Transfer of the office of the Acting Director and the Assistant Director of the Department of Physical Education has now been completed.

The department has taken up its new quarters in the Lower Gym of Athabasca Hall, Room 32. Anyone desiring to have words with Mr. Panton or Mr. Fritz, please note.

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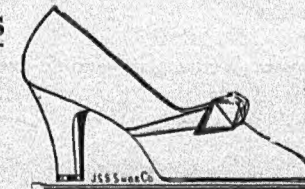
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